SAVED BY STRATEGEM.

Prize Story Written for Detroit Free Press by Wm. R. Smith, Aged 14.

"And if you see any Indians, ride for the Devil's Chimney," said Widow Arnold to her son Jack, just as he and Mike Flanagan, the chief herder, were starting out to find some stray cattle.

Frank Arnold had come to Colorado eight years before with his wife and six-year-old son, but he was killed during the third year of his residence by a band of wandering Indians, leaving Mike in charge of the ranch.

As Jack and the herder set out, they had no thought of danger, for Indians had not been seen around for several months. Mike and Jack rode across the prairie in search of the cattle, and found them in a creek bed five miles from home. Suddenly Mike saw a cloud of dust off to the south and rapidly drawing nearer.

"Ride for yer life, me bye! Shure and we'll have to lave the bastes to them haythens!" exclaimed Mike, as he whipped his broncho into a faster

"I'll Go First," Said Mike.

run. When the savages neared the herd they left some 20 of their number to take care of the cattle, and the rest of the red men came after Jack and Mike at breakneck speed. For the first two miles the herder and his companion seemed to be leaving their pursuers behind, but Jack's pony suddenly sprained its shoulder by planting its foot into a prairie dog's deserted burrow, and a bullet from Mike's rifle soon put the poor creature out of its misery.

"Up behint me, bye!" urged Mike. "We'll have to ride fer th' Chimney."

The herder's pony could only go at a trot, carrying double weight, so the Indians were hardly an eighth of a mile behind them when they reached their hiding place.

"I'll go first," said Mike, "so I can stiddy you."

The Chimney went down at a slight angle about a 150 feet into the rock, and had probably been hollowed out by the action of water. There was quite a growth of vines and bushes springing from the soil on the ledge on the inside.

Mike waited long enough to pick the two nearest savages out of their saddles and then started down the Chimney by the aid of the bushes, Jack following. Suddenly the boy lost his hold and fell more than ten feet onto the ledge where Mike was standing.

"Jack," said the man, "hadn't we better duck into this cave?" pointing to a hole in the rock.

Jack agreed and started in, but soon scrambled out again.

"There's a panther in there, for I saw his eyes!" he cried.

Mike peered in and said, "You're right, Jackie, and I'm afther thinkin' he looks ugly."

As he spoke they heard a snarl and the savage animal jumped toward them, but, as they ducked, he flew over their heads and, striking the opposite wall, fell with a thud to the bottom.

Mike and Jack then crawled into the cave and lay down. Soon they heard the jabbering of Indians, and, looking up, saw them making a fire of green stuff, and smoke soon began to fill the Chimney.

"Begorra!" exclaimed Mike, stripping off his coat, "the scoundrels are thrying to smoke us out. This certainly is the divil's chimney, only the smoke is coming down instead of going up. Sthrip off your coat, Jack, and we'll fool the sneaks."

The herder and Jack waited in the cave for about six hours; then, the smoke having cleared away, they crawled out of the cave and looked up. It was quite dark and they saw that the Indians had rolled a huge rock over the mouth of the chimney.

"Mike," exclaimed Jack, "there must be an opening down below, or how did the smoke clear off?"

They started to descend, and on the bottom they found the dead body of the panther. They soon found the hole through which the smoke had passed and by a good deal of squeezing they got through it onto the side of a cliff. After walking along a ledge they reached a path that led to the top. They then caught their pony, which had been quietly grazing about, and were soon off on a trot for home, and were soon telling of their adventures to an anxious and interested crowd of neighbors.

LIKE A WATER LILY.

Directions for Making a Pretty Mat Out of Colored Crepe Paper.

Cut 17 large rounds of colored crepe paper, two of the darkest tint of the color you choose (a lotus may be either blue or rose color), two of the next shade, two still lighter, and so on till you have seven shades in two circles of both. Then cut three rounds of the same size in white paper. Fold each circle in four, and cut it like this pattern; open it, and you will find it

Way to Cut and Complete Lily.

surrounded by points. Take then the little crimping roller used for making pastry. Lay your round on a soft cushion, or on a shawl folded thickly, and run the crimper up each point; this will curl the points as much as you please. Then put the rounds inside each other and fasten them together, fixing them on a smaller round of cardboard with some strong gum; your mat will then resemble the complete lily.

One of His Size.

A little boy went to the barn to see his father milk the cow. After a few minutes of quiet watching, he said.

When he had made several unsuccessful attempts, he solemnly re-

"Let me try."

marked:

"I guess I would have to begin on a calf."

QUEER LULLABIES.

Songs for the Babies Are Found in Every Clime.

It is not given to all classes of song to be universal; some countries are rich in one particular style, some in another, but we may safely affirm that the lullaby is indigenous in every soil. There are mothers and babies i all lands and, therefore, as a natural sequence, we find the lulling song or lullaby. From China to Peru, from Spitzbergen to South Africa, motherhood in its primitive form is ever one of the best sides of complex human nature. The little cannibal, the embryo fire-eater, the untutored Aino baby, all turn with something like a spark of affection toward the mothers who gave them birth, and although we probably find more melody, more beautiful poetic imagery among the lullabies of European mothers, yet we must not fail to take into account the sincerity of such lines as these which the Chinese woman chants over her infant:

Snail, snail, come out and be fed,
Put out thy horns and then thy head,
And thy mamma will give thee mutton
For thou art doubly dear to me.

The Arab tawny treasure seems to be easiest sent into dreamland with the following bucolic verse:

Sleep, my baby, sleep;
Sleep a slumber hale,
Sweetly rest till morning light,
My little farmer boy so bright,
And the little Zulu goes to:
Hush, thee, my baby,
Thy mother's o'er the mountain gone;
There she will dig the little garden patch,
And water she'll fetch from the river.

BOY BATTLES WITH MAD DOG IN DARK.

FALLS UNCONSCIOUS CLUTCHING THROAT OF DEAD BEAST AFTER DESPERATE STRUGGLE.

CRIES OF YOUTH UNHEEDED

Parents Think He Is Joking Until His Limp Form Is Found—Unconscious Victor Is Carried Home.

Evanston, Ill.—Facing a huge foam shot, maddened dog alone in the darkness, Johnnie Bruckos, 14 years old, fought the fight of a child gladiator the other night, and when his parents found him hours afterward he was lying torn and unconscious upon the body of the animal which he had strangled to death with his small hands.

The child won the death battle with the beast, but, it is feared, at the expense of his own life. The little fellow was rushed on a fast train to the Pasteur institute in Chicago. His wounds were cauterized and every effort known to medical science was exerted by the physicians to save him from hydrophobia. The result will not be known for several days.

The struggle of the boy and the mad dog lasted for many minutes. His screams were heard by those living in the neighborhood. But those who heard paid no attention. They thought the boy was joking.

It was a literal repetition of the old fable of the boy who cried "Wolf!" with a possible reversal of the sequel. Even the members of the Bruckos family heard the cries of their son, and members of the family started up. But one of them said, "Oh, no; Johnnie is only joking." So they sat down again, while the child carried on his grim death struggle in the darkness.

The mad dog was almost as big and heavy as the child. He is believed to have entered the yard where Johnnie was playing and to have sunk his teeth into the boy's left arm.

Then it was that Johnnie screamed for help. It was after six o'clock at night and darkness had fallen. Johnnie could only feel his antagonist. He fought with his freed small fist and kicked with his feet as he called: "Papa! Mamma! Come come, come!"

The beast loosened its grip on the child's wrist and buried its fangs in the forearm higher up, as the torn flesh shows. Then it was that the instinct of self-preservation led the lad to adopt the tactics so stirringly described in the stories of the old Roman Coliseum and the battles of man and beast in Nero's arena.

With his free right hand the boy felt in the darkness for the throat of the dog.

Foam flecks on his coat sleeve tell the little story of how the lad carefully sought the animal's windpipe. Once found, Johnnie threw all the strength of his small physique into that throttling grasp.

The struggle that followed carried boy and beast over the ground in a wrestle of madness on one side, desperation on the other. How long it lasted is not known. But it did come to an end as the grip of the child

The Child Slowly Strangled the Maddened Brute

gradually sapped the beast. Locked in a death grip the two sank to the ground. The boy's limp form lay over the body of the animal.

In this position they were found. It was with difficulty that the muscle-gripped arm of the lad was pried from about the neck of the animal. Small Johnnie, unconscious victor, was carried into the house and a doctor hurriedly summoned. After a while the child was revived.

"He will recover if he does not suffer from the madness," the physician told the lad's parents, and then had him carried to the Pasteur institute for treatment.

The boy remained conscious for a few minutes after the arrival of the physician. He told about the attack as follows:

"After the dog had bitten me the first time I tried to choke him, but that only made it worse and he came after me again. I put my arm about his neck as tightly as I could and went to sleep."

The dog was a large black animal weighing more than 70 pounds.

MAN WALKS BAREFOOT IN SNOW TO WIN DRINK

Travels Bareheaded and Shoeless for Half a Mile—Taken for a Lunatic.

Toledo, O.—Without any covering on his feet or head and clad only in a pair of overalls and a thin gauze shirt, W. F. Dowd walked half a mile through ice and snow to win a wager of a glass of wine.

During his tramp hundreds of people stopped to stare at him and finally somebody, thinking him crazy, sent

The Officer Thought Him Insane.

in a hurry call to the police station. A patrol wagon dashed up and Dowd was placed under arrest. At the station Dowd said:

"I am a great believer in this sort of business. I don't know how to account for it, but ever since I can remember I have done just this same sort of thing. Here I've been out in the cold weather and snow for over an hour, and I'm just as warm as you are. It doesn't feaze me.

"I served my time in the navy, and frequently on wagers I have gone in an open boat, with nothing on but a pair of canvas trousers and a pea jacket and rowed for two hours, with the waves dashing over me and the thermometer near zero. I never had a cold in all my life, and I have never been sick a day."

Dowd is an iron worker, and a fine specimen of physical perfection. After a short chat with the officers he was allowed to go, and bareheaded and barefooted, he returned to his home.

DIES IN ANOTHER'S COFFIN.

Strange Fate Befalls Man Who Goes to Get Casket for Dead Neighbor.

Chardon, O.—Arthur Carrier, who was on his way home from Heart's Grove with a coffin which was to be used at the funeral of a neighbor, was found dead inside the coffin when his team drove into the yard at his home. Some think he was murdered, although no marks or evidences of his having been injured were found about his body.

Carrier started out the other night to get the coffin. It is only a ten-mile drive and he was expected back before midnight. When he did not return it was learned by telephone that he had started on the trip back and fearing he had met with harm some of his neighbors started to search for him.

While the searching party was out early in the morning Carrier's team walked into the yard at his home and headed for the barn. Carrier was not on the seat. An examination of the rig disclosed Carrier's body lying in the coffin. He was cold in death.

It is thought while seated in the wagon he was seized with heart disease and tumbled back into the coffin. Some of his friends believe he was murdered and the authorities are investigating.

Women in an Icy Plunge.

Boston.—Two Boston women took a dip in the surf the other day. The mercury stood many degrees below freezing. Soon after noon they walked down to the Winthrop beach in bathing suits and bath robes, watched by a score or more attracted by their evident intention. Casting off their robes the women walked into the surf and waded, plunged, frolicked and swam in the freezing water for some minutes. "We don't care about notoriety," declared one of them. "We like these ocean swims because of the novelty of it and because they are beneficial."

Between Neighbors.

"Those trains do make an awful noise when they go thundering by, don't they?"

"Yes, it's awful, isn't it?"

"Well, it used to seem so, but I rather like the noise now; we can't hear your phonograph when the trains are passing."—Yonkers Statesman.

THE BARRIERS OF WEALTH

BY VENITA SEIBERT

Fraulein Pauline Von Engelriche flitted about her dainty room, humming a snatch of song; now she paused to arrange a dish of violets, now to give her hair a coquettish little twist, now to chirp softly to her bird.

Fraulein Pauline's sewing girl bent her head over the skirt she was altering, but not one of these careless graceful movements escaped her, and her whole soul was filled with longing and discontent. The fraulein was a young German lady visiting some American relatives; she was rich, she was loved and admired and made much of; she could flit in her dainty clothes and talk to her bird. The sewing girl stitched away fiercely.

By and by Fraulein Pauline took up a book, but her lovely eyes wandered. They studied the dark face of the girl bent over her work, noted the sallow skin, the tired droop of the shoulders, the heavy frown. Presently a soft hand was laid on the nervous fingers that held the needle, and a gentle voice said: "My dear, tell me what it is that troubles you!"

The girl looked up with startled eyes, then suddenly she burst into tears. "Oh, fraulein, I hate to be poor! I hate it so! It is always work and work and work, and I have no pretty dresses and no pleasures! I am ugly and poor—and I hate everything!"

"Poor child, poor child!" said Fraulein Pauline, thoughtfully. "You are young, and have nothing, and you are thinking that I, too, am young and have everything, am pretty and rich, and admired—is it not so?"

"My child, do you think rich people have everything they wish for?" she said, softly. "I will tell you a little story. Far away in a German city, at one of the great music concerts, an artist and a young girl were introduced to each other. These two met many times thereafter, and life was very beautiful to them. Then came a change. The man's eyes could no longer hide the love that lay behind them, but he did not speak. The girl was an heiress, and he feared to be called a fortune hunter. She was also well-born, and he was but a poor American; her wealthy relatives looked askance at him. He knew that he was not a fitting match for her. The girl did not want a fitting match; she wanted a mate. But, ach! she could not speak, she could only wait.

The sewing girl ventured to lay her hand tenderly on the bowed head; her eyes were filled with gentle tears.

"Did you never see him again?" she asked softly.

The other girl lifted her face. "Never again," she said, quietly. "It is nearly two years ago now. I am too young not to find joy in my friends, my flowers and my birds, my books and traveling, but the best thing in life I have missed, because I am rich! And now I want you to have a holiday this afternoon. It is a beautiful spring day, and you need some fresh air. I want you to walk in the park. The skirt can wait until to-morrow."

The girl glanced dubiously at a large bundle that she had brought with her. "These are vests," she said. "My sister sews them, and I must deliver them at the tailor shop this afternoon. It is away up on East Thirtieth street."

"I will deliver them myself," said Fraulein Pauline, her natural gaiety breaking forth in delicious smiles.

"Oh, no, not you yourself. They are very heavy, and they make an ugly bundle. Perhaps you could send some one?"

"No; I shall play that I am a vest-maker taking home my week's work. I wish to see how it feels. It will be large fun."

Fraulein Pauline did not take a car. She was a good walker, and Thirtieth street did not seem far off, nevertheless the vests were so heavy that before she reached her destination she grew very tired. She glanced wearily up the street, and suddenly her cheeks grew white, then pink. A man was coming directly toward her—a tall, brown-eyed man with dark hair curling upward under his straw hat. He bent upon her an eager face.

"Paul—Fraulein Pauline! Am I dreaming that I see you here?" he exclaimed.

The fraulein stretched out to him her left hand. "No, Herr Westcott, it is only me, and not a dream at all. Ach, it is good to see you again. I would give you both hands, but you see the other is occupied."

Herr Westcott dropped the little hand he was holding. Certainly his greeting had been too impulsive, and his eyes saddened.

"May I walk with you?" he asked, courteously.

"I shall be glad. I should like to talk of home. It seems so long since I left. Ich habe heimweh. You have not forgotten the dear old city and the pleasant little garden of The Lions?"

"Forgotten!"

Fraulein Pauline was quite satisfied with the tone.

"Those were happy days," she continued.

"I was obliged to leave hurriedly, fraulein, and surely you must know that those were happy days to me, also."

Fraulein Pauline shifted the bundle on her arm, and Herr Westcott was overwhelmed with contrition. He had forgotten his manners.

"Oh, I beg your pardon! Let me have your bundle? Forgive me that I did not think of it sooner! You must be very tired!"

"Yes, I am very tired." Fraulein Pauline glanced down at the bundle, and sighed deeply. "They are vests that I am taking to the tailor shop. It is a long way from where I live, and the shop is on Thirtieth street."

Herr Westcott started. He noted for the first time the contents of the bundle, the plain black hat, the simple gown. A light broke in upon him; he stopped, stared fixedly at the demure face and downcast eyes, then he lifted the bundle, and looked at it in dismay.

"You to carry such a long way! Is it possible that all your wealth is gone, and that you are sewing vests for a living?"

"It does not pay well, but it is honest work," said Fraulein Pauline, plaintively.

"Great heavens! It is monstrous! I could not have believed it possible! Was there no one to look after you? Forgive me for speaking so, but I have always been interested in your welfare, and surely you will pardon a friend for his frankness."

"True sympathy is never out of place, Herr Westcott. Ach, strange things are possible. But you must know that my wealth was never the greatest thing to me. Not that it is very pleasant to be poor."

"Of that I am well aware, therefore

"Ich liebe dich!" She Said, Simply.

I deplore it for your sake, but for my own sake—"

"Here we are at the tailor shop!" interrupted Fraulein, in a sudden flutter. "You will wait without while I deliver the vests. I shall appear again directly."

In a very few moments they were proceeding on their way, minus the vests. Fraulein Pauline held in her hand a five-dollar bill. "A week's salary!" she said, viewing it meditatively.

Suddenly a hand closed over the bill and the fingers that held it. "Pauline, at last I may speak! I had no right to before, but now you are poor, poor, and I cannot feel sorry, because I am so glad. Pauline, dear one, do you guess how I have loved you always from the very first? Sometimes I have thought that you cared. I dared not let myself dwell long on that thought, but now I must know. Pauline!"

She lifted her long lashes and let him see what lay beneath. There was no coquetry in those clear depths now.

"Ich liebe dich!" she said, simply—words that in any language need no translation.

After a long, long time, when they had once more become conscious of the pavements and the shops and the earth, Fraulein Pauline said, "Ernest, my first care shall be to exterminate the one fault which I find in thee. Thou art too proud. I was left lonely and unhappy simply because I had more money than thou hadst, and thy pride could not bear the thought. Couldst thou not have loved me so well that wealth would have meant nothing to thee?"

"It was for your sake—"

"For my sake! Then thou didst not give me credit for equal depth of soul with thyself. Ach!"

"Pauline, treues herz, forgive me! I see my mistake."

"It is well, for I have a confession to make to thee. I have done my best to please thee by being poor, but alas! I am still rich. Ach, it is a dreadful change of prospects, I am sure, but I trust to thy honor as a gentleman not to desert me under the sad circumstances." Her eyes smiled at him mischievously. "It was only what you Americans would call a bird."

"A bird? Oh, I see. A lark! You were carrying the vests for somebody else. But this plain gown?"

Fraulein Pauline laughed merrily. "Thou art also a bird!" she said. "Thou art a goose! It is a Paris gown. Dost thou think that vest-makers wear such a fit. But, Ernest, thou has not said that I am forgiven for still being rich."

Herr Westcott drew her into an empty entry, and kissed her. "Dear little lark," he said, "[illegible] my lesson!"